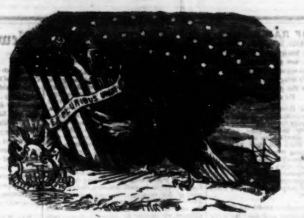
THE SATURDAY  EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1723.

Original Poetry.

TROPIC FRUITS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Yellow bananas mottled with brown,
Lustred with early dew—
Lay the fair rind with a benison, down,
Marking its shining hue,
Lined with a delicate creamy fur;
See how the hand of God.
Gives richer treasures than gold or myrrh,
Unto the loamy sod.

Oranges, oranges, fresh as the day,
Best in the garden's range;
With the tinge of amber melting away
Into a richer change;
With tiny islands of yellow mould,
Peeping from rich sea-green;
And a cunning net-work of brown and gold
Covering all between;
Open the fragrant rind—the cells
Are bursting with luscious wine;
Drink deep of the nectar that never tells
The mournful tale of the vine.

Its bright robes tinted with royal red,
And the salmon's glowing dyes,
I think by the crown on the pine apple's head,
'Twas the king fruit of Paradise;
How luscious its juicy flavors are!
Born under a tropic sun,
With never the breath of frost to mar,
Nor the cold east wind to shun;
On the rich man's princely board 'tis spread
In the clime of the Northern-cold;
But here by the poor man's daily bread,
Shines the pine-fruit's rim of gold.

Though wealth may value the cane-brake more,
Be the trinne of nectar mine;
For the fairest gems of the Indian shore
Are the orange, banana, and pine.

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;
OR,
THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

LUCKENOUGH.

A jolly place, 'twas said, in days of old.
Wordsworth.

Deep, in the old primeval forest of St. Mary's, lying between the Patuxent and the Wicomico rivers, stands the ancient manor house of Luckenough.

The traditions of the neighborhood assert the origin of the manor, and its quaint, happy, and not unmusical name to have been—briefly this—

—That the founder of Luckenough was Alexander Kalouga, a Polish soldier of fortune, some time in the service of Cecilius Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, first Lord Proprietary of Maryland. This man had, previous to his final emigration to the New World, passed through a life of the most wonderful vicissitudes—wonderful even for those days of romance and adventure. It was said that he was born in one quarter of the globe, educated in another, initiated into warfare in the third, and buried in the fourth. In his boyhood he was the friend and pupil of Guy Fawkes, he engaged in the gunpowder plot, and after witnessing the terrible fate of his master, he escaped to Spanish America, where he led, for years, a sort of buccaneer life. He afterwards returned to Europe, and then followed years of military service wherever his hireling sword was needed. But the soldier of fortune was ill-paid by his mistress. His misfortunes were as proverbial as his bravery, or as his energetic complaints of "ill luck" could make them. He had drawn his sword in almost every quarrel of his time—(one might have thought that good blade, and the brave arm that wielded it, ubiquitous)—he had "fought, bled, and (very nearly) died" on every battle field in Europe, to find himself, at the end of his military career, no richer than he was at its beginning—save in wounds and scars, honor and glory, and a wife and son. It was at this point of his life that he met with Leonard Calvert, and embarked with him for Maryland, where he afterwards received from the Lord Proprietary the grant of the manor "aforesaid." It is stated that when the old soldier went with some companions to take a look at his new possessions, he was so pleased with the beauty, grandeur, richness and promise of the place, that a glad smile broke over his dark, storm beaten, battle-scarred face, and he remained still "smiling as in delighted visions," until one of his friends spoke, and said—

"Well, comrade! *Is this luck enough?*"

"Yes, mine friend!" answered the new lord of the manor, in his broken English, cordially grasping the hand of his companion, "dish ish luck enough!"

Different constructions have been put upon this simple answer—first, that Lukkinauf was the original Indian name of the tract; secondly, that Alexander Kalouga christened his manor in honor of Luckenoff, the native village of his wife, the heroic Marie Zelenski, the companion of all his campaigns and voyages, and the first lady of his manor; thirdly, that the satisfied and happy soldier had only meant to express his perfect satisfaction with his fortune, and to say,

"Yes, this is luck enough! luck enough to repay me for all the past!"

Be it as it may, from time immemorial the place has been "Luckenough."

The manor comprises several hundred acres of cleared land, and a considerable portion of the surrounding forest.

Of the magnificence of that old forest, of the gigantic growth of its timber, the fabulous size of some of its trees, the hoary grandeur of its rocks, the lovely beauty of its rivulets, the mystic depth of its caverns, the impenetrable labyrinths of its thickets, where never a human foot fell, of the luxuriant exuberance of happy animal life, flourishing, increasing, and enjoying existence undisturbed by man—of all these bewildering glories of nature in the old forest, it is pleasanter to dream than to tell. No poet or artist ever trod those solitudes, or he would have been bewildered with the richness of the material.

Deep soiled, heavily wooded, and well watered, the manor of Luckenough is one of the finest in old Maryland. Shut in by the encompassing forest, and approachable only by the worst of roads, it is completely isolated from the neighboring plantations.

As you enter upon the manor by one of these roads—after passing here and there several small fields of wheat, tobacco, and corn, situated in the occasional clearings—you finally emerge from the forest, and find yourself in a comparatively open space, and before a collection of massive buildings of dark, red color, irregular in form and size, and thickly interspersed and overshadowed with titanic oak and elm trees. The place looks like a woodland village charmed into repose—it is the group of the manor-house, offices, barns, granaries, stables, and negro quarters of Luckenough. In the background, and all around, you see the encompassing forest again. There are orchards and gardens and broad fields of grain behind; such as you passed in coming, but they are so hidden by the many intervening trees, that you can only catch an occasional glimpse of them to assure you that it is not in Arcadia, or before a castle of Indolence, but upon a Maryland plantation that you stand. There is no conservatory and no flower garden near the house. The shade is too thick there for anything but grass to thrive.

You enter the lawn by a massive but decayed gate on the right, and go around a shaded semi-circular avenue that leads you up in front of the mansion.

A charmed air of stillness and silence pervades the place, for the negroes are all abroad in the fields, the master is asleep over last month's newspaper, and the mistress is with her maids in the back spinning-room. The house fronts north; it is built of the darkest red bricks, and is three stories high, with a very steep roof, broken into three gables front and back, and one at each end—an old fashioned, fantastic style of architecture highly favorable to leakages, as the attic and the upper chambers of Luckenough can testify. The three front gables are perforated by three dormer windows, under which come in a perpendicular line the windows of the lower stories. The central gable is the smallest, though its row of windows are the largest, for they light the spacious passages, that on every floor run through the house from front to back, dividing the east from the west chambers. The principal entrance occupies the centre of the front of the house. Above it is a stone scroll, built into the wall, and bearing in old English characters, half effaced, this inscription—"A. K. 1644. Will is Fate." By which you may know that at this time the old house has stood the storms of two hundred winters. The portico is more modern and ruder than any part of the building, in fact it is quite unworthy the old mansion, being nothing more than a rough oak porch put up by a country carpenter, to replace the old one, and shade the front door. You ascend by a few rough steps, and stand upon the threshold. And there you may well pause, for the door is wide open, and there is no servant in attendance.

It is a wide passage that you see before you, with a door open at the farther end, through which you notice the back lawn, with linen bleaching on the grass, and trees, and a part of the garden fence. The hall is flanked on each side by doors leading into various apartments, and the left of the centre is occupied by the staircase. Placed against the wall, in a line with the foot of the staircase, is a painted wooden settee, and there, sound asleep, this summer day, is the master; the old yellow newspaper he has just been reading, laid over his head. The powerful draught of air drawn by the opposite open doors flutters the paper upon his face, but he does not wake. A large black and white mastiff lying at full length under the settee crawls out and snuffs at you, and having satisfied himself by the smell that you are an honest stranger, if not an acquaintance, he goes and lies down again, and the stillness remains unbroken. Yet, if you like, you need not fear to break the spell of silence by waking the thunders of that old brass griffen that forms the knocker of the open door, for were you a travelling wooden nutmeg vender, lecturer, pedlar, or any other sort of peripatetic nuisance, you would still be a welcome and an honored guest at Luckenough, for everything is welcome that breaks the dull monotony of still life—I had nearly said stagnant life there. I am tempted to tell you an anecdote illustrative of this. A servant woman of the family once attempted to poison her master with laurel leaves. He narrowly escaped with his life, and she was arrested. When brought up before the magistrates for examination, and questioned concerning her motive for such a hideous crime, she answered—"Lord love your honor's glory, I had no spite agin ole marse, I on'y wanted the fun of the funeral, case it's so mighty dull down dar at Luckemup!" She was in excellent spirits, not the least terrified, and seemed rather to enjoy the excitement of her trial. She was acquitted upon the score of insanity. I for one never believed her insane, though from that day she went by the name of "Cracked Nell."

So isolated indeed is the manor, that for generations the owners have seemed to consider it the very centre of things created—the capital of civilization, and to sneer at all beyond the forest as mere "outside barbarians." I will not say but that they might admit the neighboring little port of Benedict, and the city of Baltimore, to be useful *appendages* to Luckenough—created for the convenience of the *masters* of Luckenough, seeing that they were necessary to the shipping and sale of tobacco, wheat and corn, the staple *productions* of Luckenough. Now if you mentally ask whether the men of the family never were forced into the world of business, or if the youths never were sent to college, and so learned to modify the exaggerated exotism of their race, I answer no. The head of the family usually effected his sales and made his purchases through his Benedict agent, a shrewd, long-headed trader, who did business with several important mercantile houses in Baltimore, and was little likely to cross the self-conceit of his most profitable patron. And as for the young men of the house they never went farther into the world for their education than the neighboring academy of Charlotte Hall, an old and well established classical and mathematical school, founded by the planters for the benefit of their sons—but not well calculated to prune the pride of the proudest among them—for even there the boys of Luckenough assumed to be lords paramount of their school master. And if any member of the family, by a rare chance, went upon his travels, he was sure to pass through the world the same self-centred, self-satisfied, isolated creature, and to return as he went, unimproved. The community around Luckenough certainly conspired to foster the haughtiness of that family. For in almost every country there is one great estate so pre-eminent in size, value and importance, as to be an enduring object of interest and speculation to the community, and to clothe its owner with rather an undue authority in all agricultural, commercial, political, and other questions of the neighborhood. And Luckenough and its proprietors had enjoyed this evil distinction since the day of its foundation.

A host of dependants—needy relations also contributed to cultivate this spirit of self-importance in the head of the house. And never was Irish tribe more prolific, or Scotch clan more united, as a family. It had been the custom of the masters of Luckenough, from the time of its ambitious founder, to bequeath the undivided landed estate to the eldest son—or failing sons—to the eldest daughter—and to portion off the other children with moderate legacies of money or personal property, sufficient had they been of an industrious frugal and enterprising race—to start them fairly in life; but being what they were—proud, indolent and hopeless, it was not always enough to keep them in decent poverty. Hence the purse of the proprietor of Luckenough was often called into requisition, and never in vain, for any expense would have been readily met by the head of the family, rather than the mortification of seeing one of its members in the poor house or the prison.

So generation after generation vegetated the dull family of Luckenough—every son more hopelessly thick-headed and self-satisfied than his father before him, and *living on because they had not life enough to die*—or in other words, lasting because the calm, depressed tone of their constitutions and conditions never at any time made draft enough upon the vital powers, to weaken or exhaust them. Thus year after year vegetated on the dull family of Luckenough, until in the fulness of time, in the year of grace 1814, the stagnant pool of their existence was stirred by "something different from the wing of a descending angel," and the dull monotony of its history was developed into a startling romance—the first chapter of which is the chapter next succeeding.

CHAPTER II.

THE FLIGHT.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And mounting in hot haste! *Byron.*

The owner of Luckenough at this time was Commodore Nicholas Waugh, who inherited the property in right of his mother, the only child and heiress of Peter Kalouga.

This man had the constitution and character, not of his mother's, but of his father's family—a hardy, rigorous, energetic Montgomery race, full of fire, spirit and enterprise. At the age of twelve, Nicholas lost his father.

At fifteen, he began to weary of the tedium of Luckenough, varied only by the restraint of the Academy during term. And at sixteen he rebelled against the rule of his indolent lymphatic mamma, broke through the reins of domestic government, escaped to Baltimore, and shipped as cabin boy in a merchantman.

I said that he inherited the constitution of his father's family; yet one might fancy by his career from the time of his taking to the sea, that the spirit of old Alexander Kalouga had re-visited the earth in the form of a descendant.

Nickolas Waugh went through many adventures, served on board merchantmen, privateers, and haply pirates too, sailed to every part of the known world, and led a wild, reckless and sinful life, until the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, when he took service with Paul Jones, the American Sea King, and turned the brighter part of his character up to the light. He performed miracles of valor—achieved for himself a name and a post—captain's rank in the infant navy, and finally was permitted to retire with a bullet lodged under his shoulder blade, a piece of silver trepanned in the top of his skull, a deep sword-cut across his face from the right temple over his nose to the left cheek—and with the honorary title of Commodore—for Congress found it easier in those days to confer rank than pensions.

He was a perfect beauty about this time, no doubt, but that did not prevent him from receiving the hand of his cousin, Henrietta Kalouga, who had waited for him many a weary year.

There was one thing that marred the happiness of his whole remaining life; his gentle mother was in her grave—her life had been saddened and shortened by the vain longing for her prodigal son's return—for him who had at last come back to find her beyond the reach of his late repentance. This was the life-long remorse of Nickolas Waugh.

No children blessed his late marriage, and as year after year passed, until himself and his wife were well stricken in years, people who never lost interest in the great estate, began to wonder to which among his tribe of impoverished relations, Nickolas Waugh would bequeath the manor of Luckenough.

His choice fell at length upon his orphan grand-niece, the beautiful Edith Lance, whom he took from the Catholic Orphan Asylum, where she had found refuge since the death of her parents, and placed in one of the best Convent schools in the south.

At the age of seventeen, Edith was brought home from school, and established, at Luckenough, as the adopted daughter and acknowledged heiress of her uncle. Her first appearance in the little world of St. Mary's, certainly created a sensation, but not of that vulgar sort usually excited by the advent of an ordinary belle or heiress.

Under no circumstances, perhaps, could Edith have been what is usually understood as a "belle." Delicate, dreamy and retiring, and tinged with a certain pensiveness, the effect of too much early sorrow and seclusion upon a very sensitive temperament, Edith better loved the solitude of the grand old forest of St. Mary's, or the loneliness of her own shaded rooms at Luckenough, than any society the humdrum neighborhood could offer her. And when at the call of social duty she did go into company, she exercised a refining and subduing influence, involuntary as it was potent.

There was one social amusement, however, that Edith really did like to favor. That was the annual ball at the Charlotte Hall Academy, given by the students at the Commencement, and patronized by their sisters, cousins, and young friends, male and female! Those were rather juvenile parties, though parents, guardians and the professors attended, to give the sanction of their presence.

Edith was the star of those assemblies, and the queen of every mother's darling there. All the students worshipped her with that pure, passionate enthusiasm that only school boys or poets know and feel. And Edith—I know not what harsh usage during her orphanage had given her a sore, shy heart towards her elders and equals in age, but Edith preferred the society of those younger than herself, and she liked the frank, warm-hearted college lads, as if they had been her brothers. And if there were "bad boys" among them, she did not find it out, for such never came within her sphere, or if by chance any did, they became ameliorated.

Edith's nature and the style of her beauty was very refined. Her form was of medium size and perfect symmetry. Her beautiful head sat gracefully upon her falling shoulders. Her complexion was of the purest semi-transparent fairness seen in the white sea-shell. Her forehead was shaded by fine, silky, black ringlets, so light as to be lifted by every breeze, and throw wavering soft shadows upon her pearly cheeks. Her eyes were long-shaped, dark, veiled and drooping. Her countenance the most dreamy and spiritual you ever saw. Her beautiful bust was daintily curved, and her graceful limbs delicately rounded and tapering. Her hands and feet were perfect. She affected the beholder with the idea of extreme delicacy, sensitiveness and refinement.

Yet in that lovely, fragile form, in that dreaming, poetical soul, lay, undeveloped, a latent power of heroism, soon to be aroused into action. "Darling of all hearts and eyes," Edith had been at home a year when the war of 1812 broke out.

Maryland, as usual, contributed her large proportion of volunteers to the defence of the country. All men capable of bearing arms, rapidly mustered into companies, and hastened to put themselves at the disposal of the government.

The lower counties of Maryland were left comparatively unprotected. Old men, women, children and negroes were all that remained in charge of the farms and plantations. Yet remote from the scenes of conflict, and hitherto undisturbed by the convulsions of the great world, they reposed in fancied safety, and never dreamed of such unprecedented misfortune as the evils of war penetrating to their quiet homes.

But their dream of safety was broken by a tremendous shock. The British fleet under Admiral Sir A. Cochrane, suddenly entered the Chesapeake. And the quiet, lonely shores of the bay became the scene of a warfare scarcely paralleled in atrocity in ancient or modern times. Its defenceless villages and hamlets were suddenly run down upon, sacked, burned to the ground, and the unresisting inhabitants put to the sword. Farms and plantations shared the same fate. Dwelling houses, barns and granaries were set on fire, and burned to ashes, and the owners and their families massacred in cold blood, and the negroes driven off at the point of the bayonet to the ships of the marauders, there to be drilled in military exercises and afterwards armed against their own masters. Everywhere the enemy tried to excite the slaves to revolt, and threatened to add the ghastly horrors of a servile insurrection to the accumulated evils of war. The most horrible crimes that ever blackened the souls of the most atrocious pirates, could not exceed in enormity the deeds done by those licensed buccaneers, under the guise of civilized warfare. It seemed as if in their case human nature had, with headlong recklessness, abandoned itself to the most violent and fiendish passions of cruelty, rapacity and sensuality.

And the most terrible name in this terrible fleet, was that of Admiral Sir George Cockburn. Not the Black Douglass has a blacker memory. He was, in the language of a historian of the times, "ubiquitous" in the Chesapeake, carrying terror, and devastation, and death wherever he appeared. Men would hear of a village attacked upon a certain date, its inhabitants murdered, and their bodies burned upon the funeral piles of their own homes—and while yet the news was ringing through their brains, would be told of another hamlet on a distant part of the coast, in an impossibly short space of time, laid waste by the same party. This ubiquity added a sort of superstitious awe to that which was horrible before.

It has been said that these unparalleled enormities were unsanctioned by the British Government. It has also been said that they were perpetrated in reprisal of certain outrages committed by our own troops in Canada. I know not how that may be, but I know that it is almost with pain that I record, even here, the deeds that have made the name of that Admiral a terror and an offence forever in the ears of men. Cockburn has recently gone to answer for his actions at that just tribunal where neither one sided patriotism, prejudice nor passion can affect his cause, or farther darken his too dark deeds.

If among his marauding band of licensed pirates and assassins there was one name more dreaded, more loathed and accursed than the rest, it was that of the brutal and ferocious *Thorg*—the frequent leader of foraging parties, the unsparing destroyer of womanhood, infancy and age, the jackal and purveyor of Admiral Cockburn. If anywhere there was a beautiful woman unprotected, or a rich plantation house ill-defended, this jackal was sure to scent out "the game" for his master, the lion. And many were the comely maidens and youthful wives seized and carried off by this monster.

As yet, St. Mary's remained unmolested. Aghast as she was at the unprecedented sufferings of neighboring and other counties, she dreaded no such evils to herself and her people.

The Patuxent and the Wicomico, with the coast between them, offered no strong temptation to a rapacious foe—and the inhabitants reposed in the fancied security of their isolation and unimportance. The business of life went on, faintly and sorrowfully, to be sure, but still went on. The village shops at Benedict and Charlotte Hall were kept open, though tended chiefly by women and boys. The academicians at the little college, pursued their studies, or played at forming juvenile military companies. The farms and plantations were cultivated chiefly under the direction of ladies, whose husbands, sons and brothers were absent with the army. No one dreamed of danger to St. Mary's.

And even when the British fleet was separated into three divisions to make their three simultaneous grand attacks—and the first division under Admiral Sir Peter Parker had sailed for the mouth of the Patapsco, and the second under Captain Gordon for the mouth of the Potomac, respectively bound for Baltimore and Washington—it was confidently believed that the *third* division, under Admiral Sir George Cockburn, had set sail for the Severn, to make an attack upon Annapolis. So that the very "rumors of war" were receding farther and farther from their neighborhood.

Most terrible was the awakening from this dream of safety, when, on the morning of the 17th of August, the division under the command of Admiral Cockburn—the most dreaded and abhorred of all—was seen to enter the mouth of the Patuxent in full sail for Benedict. Nearly all the able-bodied men were, as I said, absent with the army at the time when the combined military and naval forces, under Admiral Cockburn and General Ross, landed at that place. None remained to guard the homes, but aged men, women, infants and negroes. A universal panic seized the neighborhood. And nothing occurred to the defenceless people but instant flight. Females and children were hastily put into carriages, the most valuable items of plate or money hastily packed up, negroes mustered, and the whole caravan put upon a hurried march for Prince George's, Montgomery, or other upper counties of the state. With very few exceptions, the farms and plantations were evacuated, and left to the mercy of the invaders.

At sunrise, all was noise, bustle and confusion at Luckenough.

The lawn was filled with baggage wagons, horses, mules, cows, oxen, sheep, swine, baskets of poultry, barrels of provisions, boxes of property, and men and maid servants hurrying wildly about among them, carrying trunks and parcels, loading carts, tackling harness, marshalling cattle, and making other preparations for a rapid retreat towards Commodore Waugh's patrimonial estate in Montgomery County.

In the hall at Luckenough, the master strode up and down among corded trunks, and yelping dogs, and hurrying servants. He was a man of powerful size and weight, and formidable presence. He forcibly reminded one of a huge bull-dog, or rather, of the animal after which it is named. His great grizzled head and beard, his enormous chest, huge, rounded shoulders, heavy limbs and measured tread, and a habit he had when vexed, of thrusting forward his head and bellowing forth a prolonged "Oh-h h-h!" assuredly suggested the likeness. And as he strode up and down among his men, the old hall shook as at the tread of an elephant. Fierce shame had lent unusual energy to the old man's manner, and the transverse scar across his face glowed like a bar of red hot iron. Ill could the veteran of twenty battles brook this rapid retreat without even a meeting with the enemy. But well did the invalided soldier know that it would be sheer madness to remain and encounter the advancing army of the invaders. And so he strode up and down the hall, giving vent to his impatience by swearing at the terrified servants, and kicking the howling dogs.

In the midst of this the back parlor door opened, and the mistress of the house came out into the hall. She was a handsome woman for her age—really fifty—seeming forty—with a fair, fat person, brown hair and brown eyes, fine teeth, much displayed in her frequent smiles, and white, plump neck and arms, often half uncovered for coolness. Now, however, she wore a close-fitting Nankeen pelisse. A Leghorn bonnet and veil completed her dress for travelling. She had strong health, calm nerves, a phlegmatic constitution, and an even, contented, cheerful temper. It was these things that gave her such influence over her more excitable and impulsive companion. She, with her serene temperament and easy disposition, received the occasional onslaughts of the old soldier's violence very much as our troops at New Orleans, with their bales of cotton and wool, received the British cannonading, and with very much the same good effect. And now as she came out into the hall, her presence acted like oil upon the waves—it calmed the commotion.

The old man turned towards her, and his countenance and his voice softened as he said—

"All ready so soon, Old Hen! But where is Edith?"

"I don't know. I thought she was here," said Mistress Henrietta.

"Here! no! and the sun half an hour high!" and the old man's voice began to rise with his temper, as he vociferated loud enough to be heard at the remotest extremity of the house—"Edith! Edith! where are you, you hussy!"

"Here I am, uncle," said a calm, musical voice, and Edith came out from an adjoining room.

Her white, flowing wrapper, the slight, silky, black curls playing carelessly around the pearly forehead, the veiled and dreamy eyes, the abstracted look, and more than all, the little, red-bound volume she held in her hand, seemed so unready, so impractical, that it put the old soldier past all his patience.

"Now will you look at that girl! I say I want you all to look at her!" he exclaimed, turning around. "If upon this morning, also, she isn't poring over a book, when we are ready to start! What is it you have got there, minx?"

"Marmion, sir."

"*Marmion!* What in the fiend's name is *that?* Hand it here."

Edith obeyed, and without looking at the book, he took it, and hurled it out into the lawn, exclaiming—

"There! *Now* did you ever know me to break my word, hussy?"

"No, sir."

"Very well, then! go and get ready, and be sure if you are not here in ten minutes, we will set forward without you." And so saying, the old man set himself down upon the wooden settee, at the foot of the stairs, and took his watch out to note the time.

Edith disappeared into her chamber.

"I never saw such a wrong-headed, romantic fool! What will ever become of her? She'll come to a bad end, I'm afraid, with poring over the fetched books."

"Oh, poor thing! what can you expect? She's got no companions of her own age. She must amuse herself some way," said old Henrietta.

"Oh-h-h! companions of her own age!" roared the Commodore, "what does she want with companions of her own age—and why can't she amuse herself knitting stockings for the niggers, like you do? I'll take and marry her to Professor Grimm, that's what I'll do! And there'll be two book-worms to keep each other's company. I'll—— Oh, here she comes!"

In half the specified time Edith returned, equipped for her journey, in her riding-dress and hat.

"I am ready, uncle," she said, as she stood drawing on her gloves.

"Well, then we'll set forward. I want to get as far as Horsehead this day, if possible. A d——d mean, miserable dog I am, to be sneaking away from the enemy," growled the veteran, to himself.

The doors opening into the hall were then locked.

Edith was placed upon her pony, and attended by her old maid Jenny, and her old groom Oliver.

Commodore and Mrs. Waugh entered the family carriage, which they pretty well filled up. Mrs. Waugh's woman sat upon the box behind, and the Commodore's man drove the coach.

And the whole family party set forward on their journey. They went in advance of the caravan, so as not to be hindered and inconvenienced by its slow and cumbrous movements. A ride of three miles through the old forest, brought them to the open, hilly country. Here the road forked. And here the family were to separate.

It had been arranged that, as Edith was too delicate to bear the forced march of days' and nights' continuance before they could reach Montgomery, she should proceed to Hay Hill, a plantation near the line of Charles county, owned by Colonel Fairlie, whose young daughter, Fannie, recently made a bride, had been the schoolmate of Edith.

Here, at the fork, the party halted to take leave.

Commodore Waugh called his neice to ride up to the carriage window, and gave her many messages for Colonel Fairlie, for Fannie, and for Fannie's young bridegroom, and many charges to be careful and prudent, and not to ride out unattended, &c.

And then he called up the two old negroes, and charged them to see their young mistress safely at Hay Hill, and then to return to Luckenough, and take care of the house and such things as were left behind, in case the British should not visit it, and to shut up the house after them in case they *should* come and rob it and leave it standing. Two wretched old negroes would be in little personal danger from the soldiers.

So argued Commodore Waugh, as he took leave of them, and gave orders for the carriage to move on up the main branch of the road leading north, towards Prince George's and Montgomery.

But so argued *not* the poor old negroes, as they followed Edith up the west branch of the road that led to Charles county.

This pleasant road ran along the side of a purling brook, under the shadow of the great trees that skirted the forest, and Edith ambled leisurely along, low humming to herself some pretty song, or listening to the merry carols of the birds, or noticing the speckled fish that gambolled through the dark, glimmering stream, or reverting to the subject of her last reading—that old chivalric tale of Flodden Field, of Marmion, of old Bell-the-Cat, 'of the Royal James, of all those knights, princes and warriors that seemed again to live and move and have their being upon the stage of her imagination.

But beneath all this childish play of fancy, one grave, sorrowful thought lay heavy upon Edith's tender heart. It was the thought of poor old Luckenough, "deserted at its utmost need," to the ravages of the foe. Edith might have been as wrong-headed and romantic as her uncle accused her of being; for now the old mansion, that her heart clung to so fondly, seemed to take a personal character, and in the dumb eloquence of its loneliness and desertion, to reproach her. She thought, too, of her own particular nook at Luckenough, of her cherished books and pictures and musical instruments, and little statuettes of saints and angels and heroes and heroines, of her vases and boxes and baskets, and pretty toys of all sorts, not one of which poor, dreaming Edith had removed in her hasty departure. And she thought of all the dear old spots and places about the building that she loved so well—they seemed to her like members and features of some faithful friend, and she could not bear the thought of their destruction. Then came the question if it were not possible, in case of the house being attacked, to save it—even for *her* to save it. Edith's visionary head was full of stories of heroic women, who had wrought miracles in the way of saving or destroying castles and fortified towns, or in preserving the lives of fathers, brothers, husbands, and children.—And she remembered no single instance in which a woman had lost life, limb or honor in such an attempt. Whatever other women or men either might suffer at the hands of the enemy, these heroic women always came through triumphantly—so Edith's reading showed, and she had no counter evidence. While these things were brewing in Edith's mind, she rode slowly and more slowly, until at length her pony stopped. Then she noticed, for the first time, the heavy, down-cast looks of her attendants.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh! Miss Edith, don't ask me, honey—don't! Ain't we-dem got to go back to the house and stay dar by our two selves arter we see you safe?" said Jenny, crying.

"No! what? you two alone?" exclaimed Edith, looking from one to the other.

"Yes, Miss Edith, 'deed we has, chile—but you needn't look so 'stonish and 'mazed.—You can't help of it, chile. An' if de British do come dar, and burn the house, and leave we dem into de fire jes' out of wanton, it'll only be two poor, ole, unwaluable niggers burned up. Ole marse know dat well enough—dat's de reason he [illegible] we."

"But for what purpose have you to return?" asked Edith, wondering.

"Oh! to feed de cattle and de poultry, and take care o' de things dat's lef' behine," sobbed Jenny, now completely broken down by her terrors. "I know—I jis does—how dem white niggers o' Co'bu'n 'ill set de house o' fire, an' leave we-dem two poor ole innocents into de flames out'n pure debbilish wanton!"

Edith passed her slender fingers through her curls, stringing them out as was her way when absent in thought. She was turning the whole matter over in her mind. She might possibly save the mansion, though these two old people were not likely to be able to do so—on the contrary, their ludicrous terrors would tend to stimulate the wanton cruelty of the marauders to destroy them with the house. Edith suddenly took her resolution, and turned her horse's head, directing her attendants to follow.

"But where are you going to go, Miss Edith?" asked her groom, Oliver, now speaking for the first time.

"Back to Luckenough."

"What for, Miss Edith, for goodness sake?"

"Back to Luckenough to guard the dear old house, and take care of you two."

"But oh, Miss Edy! Miss Edy! for Marster in Heaven's sake what 'il 'come of you?"

"What the Master in Heaven wills!"

"Lord, Lord, Miss Edy! ole marse 'ill kill we-dem. *What* 'ill ole marse say? What 'ill *every* body say to a young gall a-doin' of anything like dat dar? Oh, dear! dear! what *will* every body say?"

"They will say," said Edith; "if I meet the enemy and save the house—they will say that Edith Lance is a heroine, and her name will be probably preserved in the memory of the neighborhood. But if I fail and lose my life, they will say that Edith was a cracked brained girl who deserved her fate, and that they had always predicted she would come to a bad end."

"Better go on to Hay Hill, Miss Edy! 'Deed, 'fore marster, better go to Hay Hill."

"No," said the young girl, "my resolution is taken—we will return to Luckenough."

The arguments of the old negroes waxed fainter and fewer. They felt a vague but potent confidence in Edith and her abilities, and a sense of protection in her presence, from which they were loth to part.

The sun was high when they entered the forest shades again.

"See," said Edith to her companions, "everything is so fresh and beautiful and joyous here! I cannot even imagine danger."

They reached Luckenough before noontide, and the two old people with their hearts very much lightened and cheered, and encouraged by the presence of their young mistress, busied themselves with opening the house and making her comfortable. Oliver put away the horses, and went to the spring for cold water, and to the mound for ice. And Jenny opened the shutters in the young lady's room, helped her off with her riding-dress, put them away, and went to prepare dinner. Edith went out to look for her lost volume of Marmion, found it in the grass, brought it in, and threw herself upon the sofa to finish the poem.

The summer day was so calm and cool, the forest home so silent and peaceful, Edith's own sensations so serene and sweet, that she did not realize the idea of danger. The day passed calmly and pleasantly.

But when the evening shadows began to fall darkly around the old house, Edith's heart grew faint and oppressed with prophetic terrors.

Edith had acted suddenly, impulsively, from the warmth and generosity of her own heart; but had she done well and wisely? This was the question she asked herself. Many an enthusiast, before our girl, has acted in haste to repent at leisure. Yet, as Edith looked upon the beloved old homestead that she was there to try to save from destruction, and upon the faithful old servants that seemed so confident of safety in her presence, and who were doing everything in their power to prove their gratitude and sense of her goodness, she could not repent at all. If the act were to do over again, she would do it.

After tea was over, Edith came out and sat upon the porch, to enjoy the coolness and quiet of the summer evening.

The old people, their day's work finished, came and sat upon the steps near her—they seemed to hover about her with a sense of security, as if she had been their guardian angel, or some superior being, capable of protecting them.

The sun had set. The last lingering light had faded from the west. There was no moon, and the night would have been very dark but for the stars.

Still, everything was so beautiful, so peaceful, so fresh and pleasant! There was music in the ripple of the little forest stream, as it ran along singing to itself—music in the shiver of the dewy forest leaves, as they leaned whispering sweet, solemn mysteries together—gladness in the merry chirp of insects waking to enjoy with them the coolness of the summer night—comfort and trust in the confidential twitter of little birds, murmuring to each other as they settled in their nests. All nature reposed or enjoyed itself, under the protection of the Great Father. And should not *they?* All things had faith—why should they doubt alone? And as the night advanced, the stars came out brighter and brighter. Before them, in the south, shone the great planet Jupiter, now near his perihelion, and shining with a light so strong as almost to cast a shadow. He stood looking down like the warden of the sky. And now, from the forest, came a cheerful sound above all other sounds. It was the hearty call of the whip-poor-will—the solitary bird that sat upon a branch of the old elm in the thicket near.

"I like the voice of the whip-poor-will, don't you?" asked Edith.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Edy, I likes everything that sounds pleasant to-night," replied Jenny.

"It seems so cordial and confident."

"So it do, Miss Edy! Whip-poor-will!—whip-poor-will! do soun' 'zactly like 'Keep-up-heart!' 'Keep-up-heart!'"

"Who ever would have thought you so fanciful, Jenny?"

"Me! Lor', Miss Edy, don't say *dat*, chile, please. I never was 'cuse o' bein' [illegible] in my brain-pan afore in all my days! But jes' a dar, Miss Edy, at dat big star! Don't it seem like it war' keepin' watch over we-dem? But, Lor'! *I'm* not afraid o' nothin'! 'Deed, *me!*—Oh! Lord Marster 'Deemer! what dat!" she broke off, in a sudden panic, as a crackling, crashing sound, and a rapid rush, came from the thicket.

"Why, it is nothing in the world but Lion, poor fellow! Here he comes!" said Edith, as a great black Newfoundland dog rushed towards them.

"I thought it wur a British. I wonder what dem fennelly white niggers is now, an' what debiltry dey up to!"

"Never mind them, Jenny. They are far enough from here, probably. I do not think it possible that they will ever penetrate through the forest to this secluded spot, or ever hear that such a place exists. Besides, look around you. How sweet and calm everything is here! The little birds in their nests fear no coming storm or stooping hawk—the tiny insects are singing their vesper hymns of thanksgiving in perfect sense of safety. And why should we dread our foe? Are we not much more than they? Is not their Father ours? I cannot bring my reason to acknowledge that any scene of violence could, by possibility, be perpetrated here. Here is a holiness and peace that seems to me would disarm even Cockburn's ruthless marauders!"

"*Dat* what you 'pend upon, Miss Edy? I lib in de hopes *dat* 'speriment I'll nebber be tried! But *I* ain't afraid! 'Deed me!"

Thus the mistress and maid sat and talked, to keep each other's courage up—the one asserting that there was no danger, the other protesting that she was not afraid—not she! yet starting and turning gray at every sound. Old Oliver said little, but sat upon the lowest step caressing the dog. They sat out there a long time, for there was a sense of comparative freedom and safety felt by all out there in the open air, under the kindly stars, and among the other children of nature—and there was among the three an unspoken, unacknowledged dread of going in to shut themselves up in the great dark empty house.

But at length Edith thought it right and proper, and she arose to dismiss her attendants.

"Oh! Miss Edy! if you would please—if you would *please* to let we-dem sleep close by your room dis ebenin'!" pleaded Jenny.

"Certainly, if that will make your sleep the quieter," smiled Edith. "You may bring your mattress, and lay it down by the side of my bed, and your brother Oliver may bring his, and lay it in the hall, just outside of my door, and I will only shut the door, not fasten it, if he would feel like he was forsaken—locked out."

"Hadn't we better call the dogs, and lock them inside the hall, Miss Edy?"

"Certainly not—they will be better guardians sleeping on the front porch."

These arrangements were finally concluded, and the front door was locked and barred, and the little family retired.

Poor Edith! No sooner did she find herself shut within the four walls of her chamber, than the hope, the trust, the confidence, the sense of safety, she had felt in the open air, began to abandon her—nor was she re-assured by the words of Jenny, who said—

"Seems to me, Miss Edy, we-dem was better off out doors. Seems—ef it ar de Lord's will we is to be killed—better be shot running like a hare, dan be murdered, up here in dis close room, like a mouse in a trap!"

"Say your prayers, Jenny, and commit yourself to the care of Providence."

"But I don't know any prayer but 'Our Father,' an' 'Hail, Mary,' an' de 'Postles Creed' an' de 'Ten Commandments.'"

"Say 'Our Father,' there is nothing in the world so good as that. Come here, and kneel down by me, and we'll pray together—I wish I had thought of it before Oliver bade us good-night, but he is fast asleep now, I believe."

"'Deed he! Snoring and snorting there like a grampus! Little 'tence he! of de house was attack, dey soldiers stumble right ober him, an' bust open your door, 'out eber wakin' of him!"

"There is 'an eye that never slumbers nor sleeps.' We will put ourselves under God's protection."

Edith kneeled down by the side of her bed—Jenny on her right hand—and never before had she committed herself and hers to Heaven, with so much earnestness. Then she arose from her knees, and gave herself into the hands of Jenny, who began to undress her and prepare her for bed.

"You are so pale, Miss Edy! Won't you take something?"

"No—thank you, Jenny."

"But 'deed you trembles like a leaf, chile! Better let me get you some sperrits o' lavender confound."

"No, Jenny, no—I am a little nervous, but it will go off. Reason and religion both convince me that there is no danger. Happen what will, Jenny, we must pass through it safe. We have put ourselves under the care of that Power 'whose loving kindness and tender mercies are over all His works.' We must remember, and trust in the protecting guardianship of Providence, Jenny."

"So I does, honey—'deed does *I*. I'm not afraid, nuther!—'deed *me!* Lord! Marster in Heaven, what's dat!"

"A branch of the old elm, blown against the window, Jenny, that's all."

"I made *sure* it wur de British! But, honey, *hadn't* we better wake up brother Oliver, and make him keep watch all night?"

"No—surely, the poor old man could not keep awake."

"Jes as you say, Miss Edy. Lord Gemini! did you hear dat?"

"Yes—it is nothing but the rats in the wall—surely, you know *that* sound."

"So I does, on'y I'm allus lettin' my 'stracted thoughts run on to dem riporates."

"There! say your prayers over again to yourself, Jenny, and go to sleep, and let me do the same."

"Sleep? You isn't a-gwine for to *sleep*, Miss Edy?"

"Yes, I hope so. Good-night," said Edith, getting into bed.

"But— You'll let the light burn, Miss Edy?"

"Yes! if it will do you any good. There—good-night!" said Edith, addressing herself to sleep.

It was some time before she was lost in slumber.

And then she was suddenly aroused by the voice of Jenny, calling—

"Miss Edith! Miss Edith! Oh! for de Lord's *sake*, wake up!"

"What's the *matter?*" exclaimed the young girl, starting up.

"Jes listen! Jes you listen! Listen at dat der noise on t'other side o' de house!"

Edith listened.

"It is only the wind, Jenny, shaking the shutters."

"Lord! Lord! see what it is to have book-larnin'! I war certain that it wur some one tryin' to break in! See what it is to be edicated."

"It seems to me you might have known that was, without an education, Jenny," said Edith, as she turned over, and tried to calm her somewhat excited nerves to rest. It was more difficult this time. But at length she fell into a disturbed sleep, from which she was again quickly startled by the sound of Jenny's voice, crying—

"Oh, Miss Edy! Miss Edy! *for your life*—for your perscious *life*, jump up!"

Again the poor girl sprang up—bathed in a cold perspiration, and quaking with terror.

"What is it, Jenny? Oh! Jenny, what is it?"

"The marowdies! the marowdies, Miss Edy! Oh! don't you hear them tramping all around the house?"

With her teeth chattering as with an ague-fit, Edith sprang out of bed and went to a window, and listened breathlessly. The snort and trampling of a horse somewhat re-assured her. She came back, saying,

"It is *only* some of our cattle, Jenny—our own familiar cows and horses, that have strayed into the yard."

"I would o' *swore* it was the British army!" said the old woman.

But Edith was almost in hysterics. These frequent alarms seemed to have completely shattered her nerves. She could not refrain from rebuking her cowardly old servant, and saying—

"Jenny, you really *must* govern your fears and quiet yourself! You have so harrassed and unnerved me, that if anything should really happen, I am unprepared for the exigency—unable to protect either you or myself!"

Old Jenny laid down and sobbed compunctiously—"I can't help of it! I hopes nebber to see sich anoder night while eber I lib."

Edith returned to bed, and addressed herself once more to sleep. It was in vain—her nerves were fearfully excited. In vain she tried to combat her terrors—they completely overmastered her. In vain she recalled her own resolutions of fortitude and courage—in vain she summoned to her mind the examples of all the heroic women of history; her heart seemed melting in her bosom with dread. This was partly to be attributed to Edith's delicate constitution. A heroic spirit requires a strong physical organization—or, in default of that, a powerful mental excitement to corroborate it. Edith had neither. And now that imagination which had been in safety her greatest delight, now in peril became her most terrible scourge. It conjured up to her the scenes of violence of which her chamber might become the bloody stage. At length she was driven again to the foot of God's throne for mercy. She clasped her hands and prayed—a prayer that she had learned in childhood—"Lord keep us this night from all dangers and mischiefs, *and from the dread of them*, and grant that we, surely trusting in Thy defence, *may not fear the power of any adversary*, but may enjoy such refreshing sleep as may fit us for the duties of another day."

Ah! more than the recollection of all the examples of all the heroines of history, did this "effectual, fervent prayer," embodying as it did, all her spirits' needs, calm and restore the perturbed mind of Edith. Repeating it, she sank into a deep, refreshing sleep, of several hours.

She was violently shocked out of it.

Old Jenny stood over her, lifting her up, shaking her, and shouting in her ears,

"Miss Edith! Miss Edith! it is no false 'larm *now!* They are here! they are here! We shall be murdered in our beds!"

Edith was wide awake in an instant—and very calm. The effect of her prayer had not left her.

It was *no* false alarm this time.

In the room stood old Oliver, grey with terror, while all the dogs on the premises were barking madly, and a noisy party at the front door was trying to force an entrance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.

KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE.

The above is a sketch of Otho of Greece, and his spirited Queen, whose Russian predilections are so strong, that she almost would have persuaded her husband to array his little kingdom against France, England, and Turkey, combined. The royal pair are riding past the base of the Acropolis, accompanied by the royal cortége, and present, altogether, a very melodramatic appearance.

Selected Articles.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

FROM MRS. STOWE'S NEW BOOK.

"A lady asked me this evening, what I thought of the beauty of the ladies of the English aristocracy: she was a Scotch lady, by-the-bye; so the question was a fair one. I replied, that certainly report had not exaggerated their charms. Then came a home question—how the ladies of England compared with the ladies of America. 'Now for it, patriotism,' said I to myself; and, invoking to my aid certain fair saints of my own country, whose faces I distinctly remembered, I assured her that I had never seen more beautiful women than I had in America. Grieved was I to be obliged to add, 'But your ladies keep their beauty much later and longer.' This fact stares one in the face in every company; one meets ladies past fifty, glowing, radiant, and blooming, with a freshness of complexion and fulness of outline refreshing to contemplate. What can be the reason? Tell us, Muses and Graces, what can it be? Is it the conservative power of sea fogs and coal smoke—the same cause that keeps the turf green, and makes the holly and ivy flourish? How comes it that our married ladies dwindle, fade, and grow thin—that their noses incline to sharpness, and their elbows to angularity, just at the time of life when their island sisters round out into a comfortable and becoming amplitude and fulness? If it is the fog and the sea coal, why, then, I am afraid we never shall come up with them. But perhaps there may be other causes why a country which starts some of the most beautiful girls in the world produces so few beautiful women. Have not our close-heated stove rooms something to do with it? Have not the immense amount of hot biscuits, hot corn cakes, and other compounds, got up with the acrid poison of saleratus, something to do with it? Above all, has not our climate, with its alternate extremes of heat and cold, a tendency to induce habits of in-door indolence? Climate, certainly, has a great deal to do with it; ours is evidently more trying and more exhausting; and because it is so, we should not pile upon its back errors of dress and diet which are avoided by our neighbors. They keep their beauty, because they keep their health. It has been as remarkable as anything to me, since I have been here, that I do not constantly, as at home, hear one and another spoken of as in miserable health, as very delicate, &c. Health seems to be the rule, and not the exception. For my part, I must say, the most favorable omen that I know of female beauty in America, is, the multiplication of water-cure establishments, where our ladies, if they get nothing else, do gain some ideas as to the necessity of fresh air, regular exercise, simple diet, and the laws of hygiene in general.

"There is one thing more which goes a long way towards the continued health of these English ladies, and therefore towards their beauty; and that is, the quietude and perpetuity of their domestic institutions. They do not, like us, fade their cheeks lying awake nights ruminating the awful question who shall do the washing next week, or who shall take the chambermaid's place, who is going to be married, or that of the cook, who has signified her intention of parting with the mistress. Their hospitality is never embarrassed by the consideration that their whole kitchen cabinet may desert at the moment that their guests arrive. They are not obliged to choose between washing their own dishes, or having their cut glass, silver, and china, left to the mercy of a foreigner, who has never done anything but field work. And last, not least, they are not possessed with that ambition to do the impossible in all branches, which, I believe, is the death of a third of the women in America. What is there ever read of in books, or described in foreign travel, as attained by people in possession of every means and appliance, which our women will not undertake, single-handed, in spite of every providential indication to the contrary? Who is not cognizant of dinner parties invited, in which the lady of the house has figured successively as cook, confectioner, dining-room girl, and, lastly, rushed up stairs to bathe her glowing cheeks, smooth her hair, draw on satin gloves and kid gloves, and appear in the drawing room as if nothing were the matter? Certainly, the undaunted bravery of our American females can never enough be admired. Other women can play gracefully the head of the establishment; but who, like them, could be head, hand, and foot, all at once?

"As I have spoken of stoves, I will here remark that I have not yet seen one in England; neither, so far as I can remember, have I seen a house warmed by a furnace. Bright coal fires, in grates of polished steel, are as yet the lares and penates of old England. If I am inclined to mourn over any defection in my own country, it is the closing up of the cheerful open fire, with its bright lights and dancing shadows, and the planting on our domestic hearth of that sullen, stifling gnome, the air-tight. I agree with Hawthorne in thinking the movement fatal to patriotism; for who would fight for an air-tight?"

☞ Happiness is a butterfly, which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight upon you.

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1856.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST'S continuation that is to remain—$2, if unpaid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy to one thousand years. We can afford to continue the paper on these terms, as we expect to be the only one extant, and in the country to one thousand years hence.

Clubs:

4 Copies, - - - - - $5,00 Per Annum.
8 " and one to the getter
up of the Club,) - - $10,00 "
12 " (and one to the getter
up of the Club,) - - $15,00 "
20 " (and one to the getter
up of the Club,) - - $20,00 "

Advertising in the POST has been lucrative hereto-fore, and the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter are for larger amounts than those of the three per cent. a month; and the buyer will then easily put his own well-known name before them. Any thing else subject to have all the subscriptions in each Club, and at the same time, stopped when the Club expires.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, it is hopeful the capitalist should be divided, of which may be deducted from the amount.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as that to which it is to be changed *to*.

We can point to several within the circle of our acquaintance who have been hurried to bankruptcy, by paying these exorbitant rates, and there is not a fair chance that parties who are not thereof, for 1 and 2 per cent. a month. It is easy to say a man is a fool to submit to the extortion, but it is not so easy to enter into the feelings of a man who must pay a note to-day, and in a bankrupt issue, it is paid. He will submit to almost anything to meet it, rather than be sacrificed to say nothing with him. Immediate peril is impending over him, and it must be averted at any cost. If when he pays 1 per cent. a month, a suspicion that he is doing wrong crosses his mind, it soon vanishes under the sufferer's whisperings of hope. "Pooh! it is but for this time—I shall be all right again." He unwittingly believes that he wishes to be true, but takes the money as much needed, and obtains a temporary respite.

But four months—the usual time for which accommodation notes are made—pass quickly away. The man is in no better condition to pay than he was before, but his exigency is greater, for his direct is invoiced. Another enormous shave is submitted to, and by this time he has "stepped in so far" he can't retire, but must go on, although certain ruin stares him in the face. This is the fate of hundreds annually, and yet new victims are continually making their places.

The only remedy that we can at present suggest is, to avoid the note-shaver. If you can't meet a payment, go to the parties interested, and say so, and if they can't or won't relieve you, stop. It is a disagreeable necessity: but you had better stop at the beginning than to waste more than half your property in frolicing attempts to retrieve yourself. Two or three per cent. is as sure to kill as is the yellow fever. No man can pay it and live. No business—we speak of honest, legitimate business, not speculation—can survive under it.

THE INVENTOR OF RAILROADS.—We like the question asked—who was the inventor of the railway?—and have never heard it satisfactorily answered, and we believe there are very few a person in this country who know anything on the subject. Some few years ago, Hewitt, of the People's Journal, gave a sketch of the alleged inventor, who, up to May, 1856, had been neglected in England. While thousands had been enriched by his brilliant scheme, he had remained forgotten—forced by poverty to ask alms on commission, for a living. How many of the railway projectors, agitators, stockbrokers, &c., have heard of the subject of these remarks!

"About half a century ago—the exact year is not known—there was born in Leeds, England, a man named Thomas Gray. Scarcely anything is known of his early history, except, we believe, a poor collier; and being very ingenious, he conceived the idea of facilitating the transportation of coal from the mines to the colliery of Leeds, a distance of three miles, by means of a railway. This railway he constructed of wood. Upon this he ran merely at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, to the great merriment of a wise and discerning public, who laughed at the idea of a railway as something very visionary. And as the main suggestion of laziness. Poor Gray was otherwise. Magnificent visions of future railways, such as we now unquestionably witness, loomed up before him, and he began to talk in public of a general system of iron railroads. He was laughed at, and declared a visionary, hence struck fool. But the more Gray contemplated his little railway to the mines, the more he did he believe in the practicability and immense usefulness of his scheme. He saw to it all that is now realized. On he ventured, in spite of the ridicule, the sneers, and the rebuffs that were heaped upon him, to prosecute his undertaking. He petitioned the British Parliament, and sought interviews with all the great men of his day in vain. At all this time—for, except to bring down upon him, wherever he went, the loud sneers and ridicule of all classes, talk he persevered, and at length engaged the attention of men of intelligence and influence, who finally embraced his views, and, with pains, and the result is now before the world. Thomas Gray, the inventor, of railroads, who, not longer ago than 1820, was laughed at, and even mentioning the idea, still lives in Exeter, England, in the full realization of his hopes, and noble railroad schemes, for which he was declared insane. How much has the world been benefitted by his insanity!

ANIMAL LIFE IN A WARM CLIMATE.—The following description by Humboldt, gives some idea of the exuberance of animation, even in its lowest forms, under the genial rays of the tropics, in those burning climates, the beasts of the forest retire to the thickest of the bush and bury themselves beneath the foliage or the trees, or in the crevices of the rocks. Yet, amid this apparent silence, we find "Cheadle, the most continued murmur of insects, that fills, if we may use the expression, all the lower strata of the air. Nothing is better fitted to make a man feel the ancient and power of organic life. Myriads of insects crawl upon the soil and devour the plants, parched by the ardor of the sun. A continued noise issues from every bush, from the clefts of the rocks, and from the ground undermined by the insects, millipedes, and centipedes. These species are more intense, pitching that all nature breathes, and that to the a thousand different forms that is diffused throughout the cracked and dusty soil, as well as in the bosom of the waters, and in the midst circulates around us."

Clippings.

☞ The reason why so few marriages are happy is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets and in making cages.

☞ A certain Secretary of State being asked what for the time of year, replied, "Because until did not proceed."

☞ If an editor could be taxed to sell everybody, what a sum could be realized by selling such as the King of Naples, to sell.

☞ A country paper lately got up an account of a fire, headed, "Destructive fire. Several buildings, ten horses, and one ass, in ruins."

☞ He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man need to be forgiven.

☞ The phrase, "fighting on his own hook" is now more elegantly rendered, "sawing one upon the prudent inducements of his personal interest."

☞ Bonaparte said once, "Congymen consider this world only as a clogmen, in which their can never be another."

☞ It takes 1st little to get up a Missionary. A gimlet or whisky, a couple of cocoanuts, and a dozen shillelahs, and four feet of room, is all that is necessary.

☞ It was no lad boast that our friend Kennedy once carried a couple of pails on his arms, so that he might save himself the trouble of a yoke.

☞ He must be a simpleton a friend, and choose to change him—conscious to all sense yet man for his property, insane as man for the wealth.

☞ The Louisville Democrat says it is related that one of the Hardin county jury, lately accepted Judge Mud Ward, was recently taken up a snake, and that the snake died.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year are a Scientific Lecture, by Grand Gentlewood and by Fanny Fern—Miriam, the Avenger: or the Fatal Vow, by Mrs. Southworth—Letters from Dunstable by Mr. Denison—Letters from Europe by C. G., &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic Reviews, Magazines, Journals, the Literary Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER: OR, THE FATAL VOW.

We commence in the present number this original novel, by Mrs. Southworth. It opens finely, and promises to be an engrossing and thrilling story. We may whisper in our reader's ear—as we are forbidden to say so more—that the opening scenes are *founded on fact*, singular as they may appear. But then it was declared of old, that "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction." Certain enough, fiction is the paying a huge license, if the incidents of the tale are "founded on fact," and because fiction is by

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 24th, Mr. Pettit made a personal explanation in reply to Mr. Benton's letter, in which Mr. Pettit was referred to as "a great liar and dirty dog." He said that if he did not show Col. Benton to be a wicked and malicious falsifier of truth, or an imbecile and dotard, he would be content to deserve the epithets that Benton had applied. After a short colloquy with Mr. Mason, in which the propriety of a Senator in his place speaking thus of a member of the other House, and in which Mr. P. said he did not intend to refer to Mr. Benton as a member of the House, Mr. Pettit resumed his speech, reading from "Benton's Thirty Years in the U. S. Senate" as to the addition of the Platt country to Missouri, &c. He said that Benton's speech on the Nebraska Bill had been extensively circulated in Indiana; and when he (Mr. Pettit) went there a few weeks ago, he found those who had been loudest in charging Mr. Benton with being a thief, with having stolen money and secreted it in his neck cloth in North Carolina, with having been guilty of the cold-blooded murder of Lucas, &c., were now most lavish in praising that speech. He continued his remarks till 12 o'clock, having been frequently called to order.

Mr. Sumner presented the petition of Charles McKenzie, a British subject, praying that the large fees exacted of foreign patentees be abolished.

The Civil and Diplomatic Bill was taken up. The question pending was on the amendment providing for the Washington Water Works. A long debate took place, but the bill was finally postponed.

After a long Executive Session, the doors were opened and several reports were received. Adjourned.

On the 25th, Mr. Hamlin reported back the House Bill, creating a Collection District in New York, making Dunkirk a port of entry, and other places in the district ports of delivery. Passed.

Mr. Stuart reported back the River and Harbor Bill, with amendments, and gave notice that he would move to take it up as soon as the Civil and Diplomatic Bill is disposed of.

Mr. Mallory offered a preamble and resolutions, reciting the facts of Mr. Williams's appointment by the Governor of New Hampshire, to fill the Senatorial vacancy, the meeting of the Legislature and its adjournment without filling the vacancy, and referring the matter to the Judiciary Committee to inquire whether Mr. Williams has any right longer to retain his seat. Referred.

Mr. Evans moved to take up his bill for a final settlement of claims of Revolutionary officers ... [illegible]

[illegible]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

... be brought before the House, with power to send for persons and papers, and to examine witnesses under oath.

Mr. Stevens, of Michigan, made a personal explanation. He said that after the Minnesota Land Bill had been sent to the Committee on Public Lands, of which he is a member, it was referred to him for his individual action on it. Gentlemen who were connected with the bill called on him, and requested that certain alterations should be made in the third section before he returned the bill to the Committee. The alterations desired were explained. One of them was to affect the subject of legislation in Minnesota in relation to lands granted by Congress, and he, with his own hands, struck from the original bill the word "future." The other was the alteration of the word "or" to "and," and he thought proper it should be made, and he supposed he had made it. He presented the bill, with some explanation to the Committee on Public Lands, which approved of it. He then reported it to the House. It passed, and was sent to the Senate. After getting there his attention was called to the bill. It was remarked that the alteration which he said he had made, he did not make; or that the bill did not contain the alteration. He conferred with one or two gentlemen of the Senate, and told them frankly, that when he reported the bill to the Committee on Public Lands, he made the alterations, or intended to do so. Subsequently one of the Senate Clerks came to him in the lobby fronting the centre door. He meant General Patton, who held out the bill, and pointed out the third section, asked him whether it was right. To which he (Mr. Stevens) replied it was not right as it passed from the Committee on Public Lands; and, according to his recollection, he further said, "You will find, if you look at the original draft, the word 'and,' instead of 'or,' is there." He went to the desk of the House engrossing Clerk, (Mr. Sperie,) where the matter was talked over. He there stated he had supposed he had made the alteration in the original draft, and thought he voted for the bill thus amended. The question came up as to whether the alteration could be made, and several Senators said it was a mere verbal alteration, and they had frequently made such.

The House then went into Committee on the Senate's amendments to the Indian Bill, rejecting some of them, and a report to this effect was afterwards made to the House and concurred in.

The Fortification Bill was passed—yeas 72, nays 66. It appropriates for Fort Montgomery, Lake Champlain, $15,000; Fort Knox, Maine, $30,000; Fort Warren, Narrows, Boston Harbor, $30,000; Fort Adams, Rhode Island, $15,000; Fort Schuyler, New York, $15,000; Fort Richmond, New York, $50,000; Fort Delaware, $30,000; Fort Carroll, Maryland, $50,000; Fort Monroe, Virginia, $20,000; Fort Sumpter, South Carolina, $30,000; Fort Clinch, at the entrance of Cumberland Sound, $25,000; Fort Barancas and barracks, Florida, $10,000; Fort M'Rea, Florida, $10,000; Fort Taylor, Florida, $75,000; Fort Jefferson, Florida, $50,000; Fortifications, San Francisco, $130,000; Fortifications, Alcatraz Island, California, $100,000; Fortifications, Fort Point, California, $100,000; Forts on the western frontiers of Texas, $100,000; repairs of Fort Niagara, $3,000; repairs Fort Preble, Maine, $1,000; repairs and improvement of Fort Independence, Massachusetts, $10,000; repairs of Fort Columbus and Castle William, $4,500; repairs of Fort Hamilton, and for the permanent wharf, New York Harbor, $10,000; repairs of Fort Mifflin, Penna., $1,000; repairs at the wharf at Old Point Comfort, Va., $7,000; repairs at Fort Macon, N. C., $10,000; preservation of the site for Fort Macon, N. C., $1,000; preservation of a site for Fort Johnson, S. C., $4,200; preservation of Fort Moultrie, S. C., $12,300; repairs of ... [illegible]

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—The Supreme Court of Wisconsin ... [illegible]

[illegible]

	1854.	1853.	1852.	1851.
Rec'ts at the ports	2,828,000	3,102,000	2,957,000	2,286,000
Ex'p'ts to G. Britain	1,490,000	1,681,000	1,634,000	1,331,000
Ex'p'ts to France	310,000	418,000	418,000	293,000
Ex'p'ts to other foreign ports	318,000	342,000	341,000	264,000
Total exports	2,118,000	2,441,000	2,393,000	1,889,000
Stock on hand	304,000	172,000	109,000	176,000

DRUGS AND DYES—Trade is moderate, without any particular change to notice in prices. Among the sales is a cargo of St. Domingo Logwood, taken before arrival, 150 casks Soda Ash and Sal Soda, and 200 bbls Venetian Red, all on terms not public.

FEATHERS sell moderately at 45a46c per lb for Western.

FRUIT—There is little or nothing doing in the way of sales, and no particular change to note in prices.

FISH—There is very little movement in the market, which is nearly bare of Mackerel; prices range at $17,50 for 1's, and $9,25a9,50 per bbl for 3's, with a limited store demand to notice.

GUANO—Continues in steady request at former rates.

GINSENG—A sale of 15,000a20,000 lbs Crude, of extra quality, was made, said to be at 40 cents per lb; small lots bring 35c.

HEMP—The market remains quiet, and prices are nominally unchanged. About 100 bales West India said to go out of the market on private terms.

HIDES—The stock is light, but there is little or nothing doing in the way of sales, and no alterations to notice.

HOPS—Continue dull, with a small business doing at previous quotations.

IRON—There is very little movement in this article. Stocks are light and holders firm, but sales are confined to a few small lots Anthracite at $37a$36 for Nos. 2 and 1, on time. Scotch Pig sells as wanted at $10a$11, 6 months. Nothing new in other kinds.

LUMBER—White and Yellow Pine Boards continue in steady demand, without change in prices. Laths to some extent have been sold at $2a2,12½ per M, according to quality.

MOLASSES—There is very little offering or selling, and sales are limited to a few small lots Cuba at about previous rates.

NAVAL STORES—Not much doing, and no changes in the market. Some further sales of Rosin have been made at $1,75 for common, and $3,25a3,50 per bbl for fine, and of Spirits Turpentine at 46a50c per gallon, cash and time.

OILS—Remain very quiet, without any particular variation to notice in prices.

PLASTER—Is scarce, and in demand at $3a3,25 per ton.

RICE—About 300 casks changed hands, mostly within the range of 4¼a5c per lb.

SALT—Is rather lower, and an import of 5,000 bushels Turk's Island sold on arrival at a price not public.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 29.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots Of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.

Of FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.

Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.

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Of HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.

Of F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

Of S. W. PEASE, 28 West Sixth St., and 69 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

WHAT, OR WHICH IS THE BEST VERMIFUGE OR WORM DESTROYER?

☞ It is a question daily and hourly asked by parents, anxious for the health of their children.—All who are at all acquainted with the article, will immediately answer,

Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge.

It has never been known to fail, and is one of the safest remedies that can be used. A friend of ours lately handed us the following statement in reference to this Vermifuge:

New York, September 25, 1852.

GENTLEMEN—A young lady of my acquaintance had been for a long time very much troubled with worms. I advised her to try Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge. She accordingly purchased and took one vial, which caused her to discharge an unusually large quantity of worms. She was immediately relieved of all the dreadful symptoms accompanying this disease, and rapidly recovered her usual health. The young lady does not wish her name mentioned; her residence, however, is 330 Fifth Street, and she refers to Mrs. Hardie, No. 3 Manhattan Place.

P. S. Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge, also his Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States.

☞ Purchasers will please be careful to ask for and take none but Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge. All others, in comparison, are worthless. 19

ALMANAC.

August, 1854.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
5 Saturday,	5 1	6 59	11 19	
6 Sunday,	5 2	6 58	12 25	
7 Monday,	5 3	6 57	1 15	D. H. M.
8 Tuesday,	5 4	6 56	2 5	First 1 5 20
9 Wedn'day,	5 5	6 55	2 55	Full 8 8 11
10 Thursday,	5 6	6 54	3 51	Last 15 8 43
11 Friday,	5 7	6 53	4 42	New 22 12 59
12 Saturday,	5 8	6 52	5 39	First 31 1 6

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion. Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

CIRCULATION BETWEEN EIGHTY AND NINETY THOUSAND.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM; A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. Edited by Grace Greenwood and Leander K. Lippincott.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM is intended to be an elegant medium for cheerful, earnest, wholesome teaching to children of all ages, from five to fifteen.

Among the contributors will be found some of the most distinguished authors of the time, English and American; Martin F. Tupper, Charles Mackay, Bayard Taylor, James T. Fields, J. W. Wall, Mary Howitt, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Newton Crosland, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Eliza L. Sproat, Mary Irving, Lucy Larcom, and others.

ILLUSTRATIONS by Devereux.

Back numbers, from the beginning of the volume, can be still supplied.

Specimen copies furnished free of charge.

TERMS: 50 cents per annum for single copies, or ten copies for $4.

Address LEANDER K. LIPPINCOTT, Post Paid, No. 66 South 3d St., Philadelphia, Penna. It

WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE.

Tyree Springs, Sumner County, Tennessee.

THE FIRST TERM of the next Annual Session of this College commences on the 1st Monday in September next; the second term on the 3rd Monday in the following January.

Charges for tuition, servants' attendance, field music and use of arms $30,00; surgeon's fee $3,00 per term of 20 weeks. The boarding, washing, fuel, rooms, and use of furniture, towels and bedding (each cadet furnishing his own blankets) have been contracted for, payable by cadet to contractor at $67,00 per term; or $60,00 when the cadet provides his own furniture; making a total, in the former case, of $100,00, and in the latter, of $93,00 per term. Payments must be made for each term in advance. No deduction will be made for absence, except in case of protracted illness or death. Students are received at any time during the term. Books, uniforms, and other necessary articles will be furnished at the Institute at Nashville prices for cash; but no credit will be allowed.

For further information address

B. R. JOHNSON, Superintendent, or RICHARD OWEN, Commandant, Tyree Springs, Tenn.

July 24, 1854. aug5-tf

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE.

THE WINTER SESSION OF THIS INSTITUTION will begin October 9, 1854. [illegible]

WOMAN'S WITCHCRAFT, THE NEW DRAMATIC ROMANCE! [illegible]

TRAVELLING TRUNKS. [illegible]

MOORE, HENSZEY & CO., HARDWARE JOBBERS. [illegible]

THE GREAT RED DRAGON; OR, THE MASTER KEY TO POPERY. [illegible]

BOOK AGENTS WANTED. [illegible]

A. B. REICHENBACH, MANUFACTURER OF PIANO FORTES. [illegible]

ROOT'S FREE GALLERY. [illegible]

PHRENOLOGY. [illegible]

PALMER'S PATENT LEG. [illegible]

HOE & CO'S PATENT GROUND SAWS. [illegible]

PAPER HANGINGS. HOWELL & BROTHERS. [illegible]

MRS. H. B. STOWE'S NEW WORK. SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS. [illegible]

GALLAGHER & HALLOWAY. [illegible]

CABINET WAREHOUSE. GEORGE J. HENKELS. [illegible]

ABBOTT & LAWRENCE. LIBERTY STOVE WORKS. [illegible]

F. H. SMITH. [illegible]

WORLD'S FAIRS. LONDON, 1851. NEW YORK, 1853. [illegible]

1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED [illegible]

1,000 DOLLARS A YEAR! [illegible]

MEDICATED INHALATION. [illegible]

FURNACE RANGE AND VENTILATING WAREHOUSE. RAND & HAYES, 82 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia, Pa.,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS in Hayes' Chandelier Furnace, Patented May 23, 1854. This Furnace is constructed on scientific principles, and admitted by competent judges to surpass previous arrangements for affording the greatest quantity of Pure Heated Air from the smallest amount of Fuel. A great amount of Heat is obtained from a new principle of Radiation and the consuming of the Gases.

Also, Hayes' Patent Tubular Oven and Hot Air Range, which has received the highest premium at the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, and the Mechanics' Fair at Boston, Mass. These Ranges are adapted to all culinary purposes and meet completely the wants of housekeepers and builders.

HAYES' PATENT VENTILATOR. Durable, cheap, and the most effectual now in use for the Ventilation of School Houses, Churches, Factories, Railroad Cars and Coal Mines, and a sure remedy for smoking chimneys.

Wholesale and Retail at lowest market prices. aug5-1t

THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN BOOKS. EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS Of the Splendid Romance of American Life, FASHION AND FAMINE. BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Alas that woman's love should cling
To hearts that never feel its worth,
As prairie roses creep and fling
Their richest bloom upon the heath."

This remarkable volume is fast attaining a popularity quite as extended as any other American book. Critics everywhere are unanimous in bestowing upon it the heartiest praise, and the publishers are continually receiving private testimonials which express the greatest admiration for it. As a book of power, of strong, substantial and varied interest; as a thoroughly real picture of modern life and society, in all its phases, grades and contrasts; as a story of the heart, and all its capacities for sorrow and suffering, and all its powers for right and wrong; as a book of the world, where human nature is delineated in its vices and its virtues, its follies and its wisdom—this volume has no equal. The richness and finish of the style, and the pleasing faithfulness of many of our local scenes, added to the strong individuality which prevents each character, gives to the book a peculiar charm.

We subjoin a few of the many encomiums bestowed upon it by the press.

From the New York Tribune.

"One of the best personages in the story is a rude, rough-coat rural, and eccentric downeaster, named Jacob Strong, who, in the capacity of an old family servant, follows the erring heroine of the plot like a sort of homo-angelic champion and counsellor through a perplexed tissue of misfortune and crime, and shows a wily strategy beneath an exterior of decided New England verdancy in defending his protege from all sorts of machinations and outrages. Mrs. Gray, the good hearted plethoric market wo- ... [illegible]

FITS! FITS! FITS!

THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF Fits, Spasms, Cramps, and all Nervous and Constitutional Diseases!

PERSONS who are laboring under this distressing malady, will find the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and, although they are prepared especially for the purpose of curing fits, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. In chronic complaints, or diseases of long-standing, superinduced by nervousness, they are exceedingly beneficial.

TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS!

In the publication of the following certificates of cures, the names have been suppressed, as the testimonials were voluntarily offered, and it would be improper to publish them without the consent of the parties, and who would be unwilling to publish to the world that they or their children, or friends, ever had Fits, when the circumstance is always regarded as one of the family secrets.

READING, BERKS COUNTY, PA., December 22, 1852.

To Seth S. Hance:

DEAR SIR—The Pills my brother bought of you in November, I mean the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS, are out, and I get a friend to enclose you five dollars, for which I wish you to send me immediately two boxes more. I have been troubled for many years with FITS, and have tried the skill of many Physicians, but nothing which I have taken appears to have met the requirements of my case so well as your EPILEPTIC PILLS.

ANOTHER CASE OF FITS!

CLARKSBURG, VA., November 15, 1852.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR—Having been afflicted for some years past with FALLING FITS, I saw your advertisement and determined to give your Pills a trial, and I am happy to say that since I commenced the use of them, I have not had an attack. I believe them to be a first-rate article, for, as I have written to you in a former letter, I was attacked every two weeks, but since I have been using them I have not had an attack.

Yours, respectfully.

LETTER FROM A DRUGGIST.

New York, Oct. 10, 1852. [illegible]

A PERFECT CURE OF EPILEPSY. [illegible]

A VERY REMARKABLE CURE. [illegible]

NERVOUS AND CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES. [illegible]

CASE OF NERVOUSNESS AND PROSTRATION. [illegible]

COMPLICATION OF DISEASES. [illegible]

DIMNESS OF VISION AND DEBILITY. [illegible]

EDITORIAL EVIDENCE. [illegible]

SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

WANTED.—Ladies between the ages of twenty-two and forty, whose education and situation in life fit them for Monthly Nurses. Such by making application to the Philadelphia Lying-in Charity and Nurse Society at the Nurse's Home, 337 Race Street, below 10th, with proper testimonials of character, &c., will be furnished with facilities for acquiring the requisite knowledge and experience to fit them for that responsible and profitable pursuit.

Persons needing the services of Nurses either for Lying-in or general sickness, are requested to make early application to the Nurse's Home, as above, where the Matron will aid them in securing the services of such as have completed their term of instruction in the institution, or of such others as can be obtained. aug5-6

JOSEPH H. [illegible] & SON, DENTISTS, No. 333 ARCH STREET, aug5-1y PHILADELPHIA.

DISEASES of the THROAT and CHEST.—Dr. J. K. CHEESMAN continues to give his undivided attention to the treatment of Throat and Chest diseases. As he is a regularly educated physician, and of honorable standing in the medical profession, he does not wish to be confounded with those quacks who are ever deceiving the credulous by professing to be able to cure Consumption, Bronchitis, and other formidable maladies by a few applications of their favorite remedy. Dr. C. has no favorite remedy. His treatment is merely the result of close and extensive observation in reference to diseases of the Throat and Lungs both in this country and Europe. He has had the honor of conferring with the most eminent living practitioners, and has personally witnessed their several modes of treatment. He has walked the wards of the most celebrated Infirmaries and Hospitals of the Old World, and there, at the bedside of the sick has attentively watched from day to day, and from week to week, the action of remedies—remedies prescribed by men of profound learning and skill, and whose lives have been devoted to the consideration of Consumption and diseases of the Chest alone. Dr. C. has no hobby. While he prescribes Cod Liver Oil, he is aware that this article will not always afford relief, and occasionally may do harm. While he prescribes Medicated Vapors, to be inhaled with great caution, in certain Lung Affections, he is fully aware that these, though useful under some circumstances, are exceedingly dangerous under others. He has known fearful bleeding of the lungs, and death to follow the improper application of these generally powerful agents.

Dr. CHEESMAN has Scrofulous and Consumptive patients in all parts of the Union, and these are regularly treated by correspondence. He refuses to treat those cases of acute disease which demand the daily presence of the physician; but in chronic affections, where the patient is not too far gone with disease and can wait until remedies and advice are sent him, Dr. C. administers with the utmost confidence and success. Read the following from the Rev. L. S. Church, of Buffalo, a minister widely and favorably known:

"Having been afflicted with an affection of the throat and lungs for the past two years, which has recently become much worse from a severe cold, ... [illegible]

A SPECIAL BULLETIN FOR THE SICK. DR. MORSE'S INVIGORATING CORDIAL. [illegible]

SMITH'S DYSPEPSIA CORDIAL. [illegible]

LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, [illegible] DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS, PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, 120 Arch Street, Philadelphia. [illegible]

MORE HOME TESTIMONY. [illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE EXPECTATION.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.]
BY MRS. E. BULWER LYTTON.

Rose! the crushing rain invites!
Thou dost long for sprightly!
Tender thou stood'st, withering, one,
Amidst the purpose dwelled.

Adieu (again), thou grove bedimming roof,
Thou, meadow, with thy many-colored bloom!
For here a tenderer prize doth wait
Of the holy light the beautiful rays,
And its crimson kiss of the delicate air,
What it can open here by very closest wooing.
Ah! it is open! how very closely it opens!
What! Beauty comes to Passion's trysting ground!

Wind through the copse in swiftly carpe—
—Thy tongue that comes to me!
The bird that through the branches crept
Spin the whisper of fear!

Day—sunset thy torch! come, ghost-like from on high,
Wakeful horrid silence, come, then hovering ove—
Rended below thy web of purple dye,
Which the lethal bought inwardest round me weaves,
For here's delight concealing! Oh come now,
The tenderest weapon of the light will find,
Deeper strengthen very silent one.
Ah! Love, how does thy secret seem familiar be?

What monster in the distance spake,
And like a whisper died?
"Twas but the voice that gently broke
In tinge the silver tide!

Sad as my one there comes a mourn—
Ah! plaintive mourner alone! (sighing!)
To Zephyr's kiss the flowers are bending low;
Through life goes joy, enchanting joy with all.
Tempt in the bosom thy presence, thou sweet one!
Voluptuous evening from the leaves that hide;
And drinking fever from my cheek, the sun
Air sleeps all liquid in the odor-tire!

Here! through the alley hear I new
A footfall? Comes the sweet? (
'Twas but the fleet sigh from the bough,
With its own richness filled.

The tenderer eyes of Thy darkling, alone
In reverent touch. His touch extinct; and, by!
The violated twilight, from her still caress,
Extends the chalice sweet to his glow
The bright flow of the heart is still and true,
Melts in vast oneness the world around—
Ah! sweet, each charm the entirely consumes me,
And sound all beauty, restless, rests the eye.

What yonder seems to glimmer?
Her white sister's glimmer? Yonder—
The solemn's silent shimmer
Answer the luminous power!

Oh, longing lover, no more delight unfeeling!
Let the sweet airy image thee below!
The rose and world's quiet are in the void
This lovelish instant no more shake on cool.
Oh, wait her here, mine own beloved one!
Let her my kind her love, the tender, fair—
The very slumber of her calm adieu!
Ah into life she who dreams, thou wouldst!

As glide from heaven, when heart we wear,
The rosy hours of bliss.
All gently come the mild senses—
He wished beneath her kiss!

Pictures of Life.

THE PARIS RAG PICKER.

[Bell Smith, in a recent letter from Paris to the National Era, tells the following romantic but true story:]

Dear Friend: During Lucy's last illness, as I was sauntering by the window the weary hours as they were slowly away, between midnight and morning, I saw some figure with a lantern passing from side to side in the dirty street, and frequently pausing as if in anxious search. Each had his light and stick, and as this light shone before, the back seemed bent, and at late a huge deformity, as if hump-backed. But, on looking closer, I saw that hump was a basket, and into this basket whatever they searched was exclusively thrown. I had never heard of such beings as these, and looked with intense interest upon them as they glided about apparently unconscious and unseen in the black, still life, just before dawn.

These were the chiffonniers or rag-pickers of Paris, of which Paris has ever twenty thousand—a respectable town that would be not Worthington, a city—and would have its professors, clergymen, merchants, and lawyers; would have its aristocracy, its exclusive circles, and city wars. Twenty thousand inhabitants would constitute a destiny; be represented in Congress, perhaps furnish a President or a Hawthorne. Capitalize, hundreds of the round figure; 20,000, would be read, and railroads stretch out their iron length to it from many directions. Twenty thousand rags and chiffoniers are twenty thousand inhabitants, except in Paris. They, too, have their history, their dwelling—their dwellings in the suburbs of the night, for at night only are they allowed, almost following their strange pursuits. But they have their history, written in blood. When the great State troubles, they come thronging out, fierce and ruffled, will to appear purposes, but with astonishing unanimity. They batter down palaces and mount the throne and Kings fly; and word goes out to the world that Paris has a revolution! The chiffonnier is lord there.

Some time since, a French author, as diatribe, published in political life an interesting romantic character the subject of a drama, that, in the hands of Frederic Lemaitre, the famous actor, had a run unequalled even in Paris. I never saw the piece performed, but, attracted by the name of Paris Pyat, the author, I bought it my last book in studying French for some months. I have wondered greatly at its not being translated and put upon the stage in America. The character of Jean, given by Mordach or Anderson, would be very effective. Twenty thousand people must have instances of individual romance, and the chiffonniers have their. An eminent physician at one time in Paris is now a rag-picker, and may be seen, when superintending to his brother chiffonniers, from heap to heap of gathered rubbish, instead in hand, like another Diogenes. One can almost read a strange history in his countenance. As he takes a closer view at some doubtful substance, and the light glance over his wife's shed face, one is startled at the stern impression of settled discontent—indeed of hatred and for the history.

The Count Rodolph Vesey was the husband of one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in Paris. The Count married her in a blind fit of love, greatly to the indignation of his family; for she was neither rich nor of noble position. He married for beauty, and was not disappointed in that regard. But he married more than the idol.

Diane was as talented as beautiful, and the passionate found at length that he had brought to his house a being far superior in spirit and intellect to himself. Vain and jealous as he was, the discovery became a terrible source of annoyance. His gorgeous house was rendered the most attractive in the city, and his dining with the centre at a wide circle, made up of wits, poets, statesmen, and artists; and no one could claim any position in the fashionable world, unless recognized by Madame, the Countess. She was the magnet, and the lord of the house and master was awkward and silly, and good natured friends soon taught him the fact that, after one-half of the establishment was created and admired, the other was avoided and laughed at —the old story of Samson and the Beast—and this beast was an ugly beast, and permitted some very bad treating to show it was not a lion. The old love gradually changed into a bitter hate. In our country—where this little drama is often acted, as well as elsewhere—the husband finds relief in dissipation; and the poor wife, not daring to follow, is left to be punished by seeing her better half's certain animal indeed. But Frenchmen have a French nature, differing decidedly from the Anglo-Saxon of human nature: and the Count Rodolph did not drink strong drinks, nor did he seek the gay of the Count betook himself to hard thinking, not for the purpose of improving his weak head, but to discover, if possible, the means by which to dispose of his beautiful superior. She was so very prudent in her conduct, so general in her attentions, that light could not, in decent delicate and indifferent a thing in Paris, could find no spot on which to rest. The Count was sorely perplexed. It also would only love some one—if the world only give him a reasonable pretext for divorce—what a happy man he proposed to be. This came at last—the pretext. I mean; for at this day the Countess is regarded as a saint in love—a purity in white kids. But the occasion for a rupture appeared.

Well, you see, what had all this to do with our doctor, the chiffonnier? Be patient: we will come to that directly. Among the suitors who surrounded the Countess was a rounded, shouldered, looked-round, badly-dressed individual, that one might call positive beauty. But this gentleman was witty, eloquent, and ardent gentleman and admirer—too generally so regarded, but no in fact. After one passed, if one could, the outer line of brokers and agents, they found sensual faults and quiet faults, full of nature's richest stores. He appeared wealthy, held a high official position, and had—no one would see unknown history. But he was known intentionally to our brilliant Countess.

When the Countess was no Countess, but a young girl, living with her mother, she was a very magnificent style, but to tell the truth, in a modest manner, the little light of which these pages do the name from which her blood flowed. The character of Madame Talbot and daughter were more distance from the world than the Countess with her legion of friends; the smallest fact brought to an unknown quarter, quite out of Paris. Ten years passed, and one until ten years thirty, then up a straight, quiet light, one just beautiful daughter, and one another passage, the little light of which these, you know not from which, and she died finally in a house and alone in the world. Then the wonderful quiet little Isabel—from the Talbot or by birth or having more could not be got clear of her—then you guessed a little, but not much, were deeply shaped, and lighted by a visitor in the room. Then the little Isabella in the little room, only with its one quiet—school, endless wait, who seemed to have a purpose, and to become acquainted with Madame Talbot and her beautiful daughter, I do not know: but the acquaintance was interesting and continued. He gave the daughter lessons, pondered the mother with good advice and several small presents of money, and, I suspect, was quite in love with its acquaintance—when Monsieur, the Count, came in, and carried away the prize. The modest wives of the light left him, and they were wide enough apart, and quite unknown to each other for many years; but the passion at the one, and the talent of the other, made them known to the world and to each, at last.

The Count was ignorant of this little history, as all were but the two interested. He only saw the brightened face and joyous manner with which this gentleman was received, the frequent in conversation, the letters he received, and he, and he made up his mind to the fact that his wife had at last found a friend. He was very civil to the gentleman, such as society did not please the gentleman, such as he anticipated. Indeed, he flew into a rage, even going so far as to consider himself ill used was, a victim to be pitied and comforted, if not revenged. Madame, the Countess, was very happy in the company of her strange acquaintance, and passed too much time there enjoying it. But the circumstances on which the husband acted were subsequently shown to prove her entirely innocent suspicion.

This lady and lover intended her poor misfortune upon her rich husband. Even her mother, long dead, was made to testify, and was removed from the sphere usually filled by mothers. But she had one relative dependent upon her beauty; a poor cousin, whom the breath made it almost impossible to serve—Without assuming her freedom, she was anxious to secure the unhappy youth a post under Government, by which he might support himself and relatives. This gave rise to a suspicious correspondence, watched over by the avaricious husband, who, at length, found the proper condition to think his fears confirmed, and set about his revenge. It was what a weak, cowardly cunning could devise—eminently true to its intent; eminently French in manner. He did not trade it all his wife, but merely to ruin and conquer her; and with this design determined to the her, upon a vain in her arm, to have her to have a physician sent for, under the terror of death, to hear her confession and prepare for forgiveness, and then call in medical aid to her relief. It was well planned, and, but the poor lady anything to confess, would have probably been accepted. But, fortunately, in a visit from the family physician, bade that quiet man be in attendance, without, of course, revealing the reason. The poor woman suffered from sleep to find herself bound hand and foot, and the object of standing over her. He did not scream or attempt to move, but, opening her large eyes, stared in fright and astonishment.

What is the meaning of this?" she faltered at last.

He replied, to make her confess, before dying, to her ingratitude and infidelity. She tried to plead, but, tried to consider it stupid jest, but the angered expression of his face made the idea too horrible. Then it came—her confession, and she buried her face in her pillow, gathering night, to where, under the little canopy, sewing her babe, pral. And a woman flag through the window. And, seeing a French horror, this all would be heard, he placed his hand upon her mouth. Looking at pleading eyes and flowing blood was certainly not a way to obtain a confession per every removal of his hand, followed by such piteous screams, that to make an end of it possible. Enraged at his interference from the first, he repeated the wounds, until his poor wife fainted from loss of blood.

The Count rang for the doctor; but the doctor, a kind, frank man, tired of waiting, had unceremoniously left the house, and the bell rang, believing his wife dead, hastily gathered up his own ball for his return. Court and chiffoniers are twenty thousand inhabitants, except in Paris. They, too, have their history, their dwelling—their dwellings in the suburbs of the night, for at night only are they allowed, almost following their strange pursuits. But they have their history, written in blood. When the great State troubles, they come thronging out, fierce and ruffled, will to appear purposes, but with astonishing unanimity. They batter down palaces and mount the throne and Kings fly; and word goes out to the world that Paris has a revolution! The chiffonnier is lord there.

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Wit and Humor.

CASES OF BAD LANGUAGE.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

The Queen versus Lord Jane Russell.—Her Majesty's Attorney-General stated the case. Defendant spoke Her Majesty's English, by reason whereof Her Majesty was injured in her feelings, and supposed to intend to say wishes.

The defendant pleaded guilty, but urged that he was a foreigner, and had learned English from Matthews say, in a burlesque called *Bobs Hood*.

Lord Campbell said, that in the case of John Bull versus Orator Punch Regent the defendant pleaded that he was a foreigner, but it would not benefit better to say "oblige." The rule was clear. Had the defendant anything further to say?

The defendant said that he had some relation (his Lyonese Theatre, and had learned it from Matthews say, in a burlesque called *Bobs Hood*.

Lord Campbell said, that in the case of Rex versus Lord Chesterfield the defendant pleaded that he was a foreigner, and he was bound. In say that such object was usually attained—as to ridicule and was abused, by pushing obscurity to the point. The Court did not desire to be hard upon the defendant. Would the defendant wish to repeat the offence?

The defendant said that he would endeavor to conform to the customs of the day: but he believed that in Magna Charta—

He was here somewhat hastily removed into the Court.

The Queen versus Richard Cobden.—The defendant was charged with having spoken of the English syllable in the word in question, which he pronounced *ninth*.

The defendant said that he had not intended to give offence, and that he had heard the same pronunciation from the Treasury Bench in Peel.

Lord Campbell said that the Treasury bad no right to give an example to the people (*Laughter, in which nobody joined.*) The pronunciation was palpable—why did not the defendant say correctly and briefly?

The defendant was discharged with a caution.

The Queen versus Theresse Cabbee.—The defendants were charged with having said "they were going to a Derby," meaning Epsom.

The police gave evidence that this shocking pronunciation was of common occurrence, and gave great annoyance to the aristocratic circles in which they lived.

The defendants said that it was the ordinary pronunciation of the trading and lower orders.

Lord Campbell said that it was intolerable, and sentenced the whole of the defendants to be sent to their farm for an entire month.

The defendants were accordingly—one of them remarking that the sentence would be the death of him.

The Queen versus The Rev. Alfred Lattesoul.—The defendant was charged with having been "very going to" a certain place, on a whole afternoon, at the Conservative Club. He was proved to have said that the pain was a liar, that Mademoiselle Luther was a charming creature, that Lord Derby had come out strong about Canada, and that his defendant's wife was a downed sharp little fellow.

The learned counsel for the crown pressed for a severe punishment, as they said that the offence was so common as to render the place quite uninhabitable. The young ladies were longing about in their all-round collars, gobbling out the most ridiculous sounds, and fancying they were talking.

The defendant hoped that the Court would think it kindly matter what a parcel of rich faced old pumps thought on the subject,

Lord Campbell said that extraneous matter had been imported into the case on both sides. The Court had no jurisdiction over sailors or lawyers, and the defendant stood self-convicted. What had he to say?

The defendant said that a gentleman fined to his left had pronounced himself here to be a regular snob, and that he (defendant) had given the gentleman a sum-paying thrashing in the office and exhibition of wood. "Golly, mame, I can't sing!" "Can't sing! An' don't you go for to tell me, you young varmint of your fun for, like a bird's, it ye can't sing!"

Selected Articles.

To Keep, it is Not Necessary to Possess.—"What a pleasant thing it is," observed Mrs. D——'s garden," exclaimed our impressible friend Mr. L——, as he rose refreshed in one morning with a large, brilliant bouquet, all glistening with gems of flowers, and his cheeks flushed with the sweet air from Arsty the Blessed. She spent a day and night with her friend D——, and was evidently pleased with the visit. She was accustomed to possessing an acquaintance whose grounds flowering and fragrant with the choicest and most refined delight. "Oh, it is a heaven of a spot; I could wish in live there always, and never go to the city, never come to business." "Oh, thank you," her author replied, "and I did. But the defendant did not choose to be cooped out his conquest, who had not yet made his appearance. She sighed, and looked at him, and expressed possessing himself. I thought professional courtesy did not require any longer delay. So I arose, and laid before the Court my jury a plain, unvarnished statement of the case in hand, and was about claiming judgment for the plaintiff, when there was a sudden flurry in the courtroom, and the defendant exclaimed:

"Hold on—hold on!—by—by up a minute with me!"

I looked round, and saw my antagonist walking up to the bar. He had in his hand what I supposed to be a "lunger." He wore an old round-crowned, drab hat, with a low string tied around it for a band, with a cabbage, black pipe twisted in it, and "no-and-suspender" marked in figures with red chalk on the collar. His coat was of a short and very crooked stick over his shoulder, on which were suspended his coat and vest, and the world rounded out behind him nearly up to his knees: and he was without shoes or stockings. As he came up to the bar he gave a hitch to his pantaloons, and, with a twirl, wiped his steaming face with a dirty red-and-yellow handkerchief, and then "spoke out" upon the Court.

"Harry practice, this," said he, "to let a man have his property without saying a word. It rattles and confuses the minds of plain people like us, and have the talk all his own way! Why, I—I—I—